

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him Percy, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the deuill alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd: but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it.

Hot. And if the deuill come and rore for them,
I wil not send them: I will after straighe
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncke. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zoundes I will speake of him: and let my soule
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these vaines,
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once agayne
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy king,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardo) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lie scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his chosen king,
That wiht him on the barren mountaines starue.

But shall it be that you that set the crowne

Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot

Of murtherous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,

Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:

O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,

Wherein you range vnder this subtil king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,

Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an vnuit behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)

To put downe Richard that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off

By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,